



THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL  
WILMINGTON, N. C., FRIDAY, FEB. 6, 1852.

DEMOCRATIC MEETING.

The Democratic citizens of New Hanover County, are requested to meet at the Court-House in Wilmington, on Tuesday next County Court, (March 9th,) at 7 P. M., for the purpose of appointing Delegates to represent this County in a Democratic State Convention, to be held in the City of Raleigh; and also for the purpose of appointing Delegates to represent the County in a District Convention, to be held in the town of Wilmington, to choose a Delegate to represent this Congressional District in the National Convention, to be held in the City of Washington, on the 1st day of June next. Other matters important to the organization of the party in this County, will also come before the meeting, and a full attendance is most earnestly solicited.

Feb. 5th, 1852.

MANY DEMOCRATS.

Gen. Butler of Kentucky.

We copy an article from the Raleigh Standard of the 30th ult., in refutation of some of the charges of Free-soilism which have been brought against Gen. W. O. Butler of Kentucky. We had intended to have alluded to this matter ourselves, but our friend of the Standard has anticipated us and superseded the necessity of our saying anything at the present time. By the way, the charge of Free-soilism against Gen. B. is one of the most mysterious things with which we are acquainted, since we have been unable to find even the color of excuse for it founded upon any acts or declarations of the gentleman himself. It was not brought against him in '48, although it would certainly have been desirable for the Whig editors and stumpers to have had some such imputation upon Gen. B. to offset the known and proved abolitionism of their own Vice Presidential candidate.—The charge can hardly derive much strength from the position of the Kentucky Democracy, when we reflect that that State—the most inveterately whig of any Southern commonwealth, is now ruled by a Democratic Governor, and that the revolution which placed him in power has been brought about by the confidence of the people in the greater soundness of the Democratic party upon the Southern question.—

It is by this party, thus triumphing on account of its soundness upon this very question, that Gen. Butler is endorsed. And yet he is to be called a Free-soiler by those who would swallow Scott, imitate Fillmore, and gulp down Webster. But the richest thing of all is requiring Gen. Butler to acknowledge that he has been converted from Free-soilism. When was Gen. Butler—the citizen of a Southern State—the first choice of a Southern State rights Democracy, a Free-soiler? and what error in the way of abolitionism has he to be converted from. We want some facts. Not references to avowed enemies of the national Democratic party.

But we find that almost unconsciously we have been writing a lengthened article, which was not by any means our wish at the outset, our only object being to call attention to the article from the Standard. It is hardly probable that Gen. Butler will be the candidate of the Democratic party, although it is evident that such an event is feared by our opponents, and hence the efforts to forestall public opinion by creating an unfounded prejudice against him. We remember fluttering the Volsci sometime by suggesting in a speculative way a ticket composed of Butler of Kentucky and Bigler of Pennsylvania, and it waked them up some—it did. We assert now that these two men will grow upon the public—that they are growing now. If a Southern man should be nominated as President, Bigler would be the man for Vice President.

There is one thing about the Whigs which we like. They stick up to their leading men, whether they be candidates or not, and fight for them on all occasions, affording a good example for Democrats who are too apt to pass in silence—supercilious sneers or open imputations brought against prominent and respectable gentlemen, simply because they are Democrats—a crime which in the opinion of some whig editors should exclude the unfortunate malefactor from even the legal courtesy of a doubt, and afford *prima facie*, if not conclusive, evidence of all manner of depravity.

**FIRE—Railroad Bridge Burnt.**

The Bridge on the Wilmington & Raleigh Railroad, about 80 feet in length, and some 8 miles from town, was destroyed by fire last morning. The fire is believed to have been the work of an incendiary. The Company will have the bridge repaired immediately, so as to enable the cars to cross to-day.—A short detention occurred yesterday, in consequence of the change of baggage, which had to be made at the above place.

**CORRECTION.**—In the obituary notice of Mr. Stanley, published in this paper week before last, we stated that he had been taken prisoner in the Privateer Snap-Dragon, Capt. Burns, which vessel was captured by the British. This, we learn, was not the case. The Snap-Dragon never having been captured, while under the command of Capt. Otway Burns.—Mr. S. was placed by Capt. Burns with a few men on board of a prize vessel, which vessel was re-captured by the British, and the crew made prisoners—Mr. Stanley among the rest.

**WHITE SHAD.**—The first white shad brought to market this season, was taken from the Cape Fear river last Sunday night, and brought \$1 per piece for three, all that was caught. The enterprising proprietor of the Washington and Lafayette Hotel had them served up for his customers on Monday morning.

**RAILROAD STOCK.**—67 shares of Wilmington & Raleigh Railroad Stock, sold on Monday last, was bid off at \$60 per share, six months credit. We believe this is the highest price that has been given for stock of this Company,—at least at public sale.

**FIRE.**—We regret to learn that the dwelling house of Mr. Richard M. Bourdeau, situated on the Wilmington and Raleigh Railroad, some twelve miles from town, took fire on last Monday morning, the 2nd inst., and was entirely consumed, together with the whole of his furniture, and about 1400 bushels ground peas; the latter having been stored in the basement. Also his smoke-house and about 5,000 pounds Bacon and Pork, and considerable fencing, besides other damage sustained by out-houses. The total loss is estimated at about six thousand dollars. We hear of no insurance on any of the property.

**South Carolina.**—The steamship *South Carolina*, lately finished in New York for a company in South Carolina, arrived at Charleston on Thursday last, making the passage from port to port in 72 hours. Her engine was stopped 10 hours of the time, for the purpose of adjusting her valves. The Courier says, "her beautiful proportions will excite the admiration of every critic in architecture." She is intended to open a direct trade between Charleston and Liverpool, and should the enterprise prove successful other ships are to be put upon the line. The *South Carolina* is commanded by Capt. R. H. Tucker, under whose superintendence she was constructed. She consumes thirteen tons of coal every twenty-four hours, or two and a half tons every five hours. She averages 8½ miles per hour, deducting 10 hours, the time the engine was stopped on account of force pumps, during which she ran under canvas, and performed well. She had 42 hours of fair and 36 hours head wind from bar to bar. We wish the enterprise an abundant success.

The Forrest Case.

This case which occupied a N. Y. Court for six weeks, and a scandal-loving public for over two years, has, as every body knows, resulted in the legal triumph of the lady, who has obtained a verdict against her husband; and what, perhaps, she and her jolly companions value even more—an allowance of \$3,000 per annum, to enable her to exhibit life "on the European model" in a more comfortable manner.

We are pleased to notice that no Southern paper short of New Orleans has republished the disgusting evidence in this most disgusting case. It speaks well for the moral feeling of the community, for we may rest assured that if a prurient curiosity existed in regard to such matters, men would always be found ready and willing to minister to it.

Perjury the most corrupt, licentiousness the most unblushing, profanity the most degraded, have been inseparably connected with the names of most of the prominent actors. Forest is a rude, arrogant, uneducated, and somewhat brutal man; coarse, vulgar, unreined, and purse-proud, but it fairly admits of a question whether even he be not preferable to such a broken down rascal as Capt. Calcraft, or such a daubing, heartless, man-milliner as N. P. Willis, companion whose company Mrs. Forrest would persist in keeping although opposed to her husband's wishes, and although they spoke contemptuously of that husband in her presence. No positive inquiry may have been proved over her, but no one can recognize a person who would so act, as a true wife or a pure woman.

If the revelations made pending this trial present any thing like a true statement of the actual position of society among the would-be "upper tens" of New York, then the Lord preserve us, if we ever get married, few of the dames who figure in the picture, come quite up to Caesar's standard in a wife—that of being above suspicion.

Charleston Races.

The Charleston Races commenced on Wednesday last, 3d instant, with every prospect of a "good time," a large turn out, and the usual accompaniment of fun and frolic, "divulgence and diversion." The reverse of the picture—the money uselessly spent, or lost in betting—the riot and rum-drinking—the head-aches and heart-burnings—all these are matters to be thought of next week. In the mean time, go it, is the word.

We shall not soon forget the last race we attended previous to our conversion from such worldly vanities. It was the great match over the Camden Course, between Fashion and Peytona, when the spectators stand fell down. What a fall was there!

We can see it even now, and a vision of thousands of heads and heels, legs and arms, flying confusely through the air, rises up before us.

We lost a quarter dollar on the occasion, and perhaps saved our neck. Just before the time for the starting of the animals, we had paid for, and taken a place on the stand, but recollecting something, had gone down, and made a ridiculous failure, but they at last won our respect by making no whining appeal and uttering no craven cry. If they were liberated by the British Government it will be without petition or pledge coming from them. Great Britain might safely liberate them now. "Dead men tell no tales" and—fight no battles. Ireland is dead, and not all the eloquence of Mitchell or O'Brien could galvanize her to even one throb of convulsive life. Her population is disappearing at the rate of half a million a year. Her commerce is dying—her spirit dead, and the remnant of her people will soon rest with it. Well can Great Britain afford to pardon her political offenders. She has nothing to fear from them or their country now.

We notice that Congress has taken this matter up,

and we have very little doubt but that a resolution requesting the President to use his intercession in their behalf, will pass both Houses. We presume that it will then be given. This is a great little vehicle, the thimble-rig man bet on the little joker, and "all went merry as a marriage bell," although the impression then was that some ten or twelve people were mortally wounded. Sporting characters are certainly the most heartless men in the world.

Mr. Consul Hodge.

True words are sometimes spoken in jest, and perhaps there may be more truth than poetry in the charge of alphabetical extravagance brought against the usual spelling of this name, which certainly has two letters more than are required to designate the animal in question. Throwing out the redundant d and e, the word stands in its original purity and emblematical significance—*Hog*. The whole correspondence connected with the movements of Kosuth at Marseilles, at Genoa, and at other places in the Mediterranean has been called for, and will shortly be laid before Congress. Remark upon those transactions would therefore be misplaced, in advance of an official publication so soon to be made. But no matter what the revelations may be, one assertion we may safely make and that is, that no gentleman—no man possessed of the common feelings of propriety, having quarrelled with Kosuth, as Mr. Hodge did at Marseilles, would secretly have written such a malignant tirade as the famous "Attache" letter—which letter he has never denied the authorship, thus endeavoring to gratify a private spite by forestalling public opinion, and, under an anonymous signature, telling his own story and stabbing a stranger and an exile. As for material aid for Kosuth now, we are no advocate of it. We look upon it as an impossibility under existing circumstances, and there are too many practical considerations pressing upon us in this world to admit of our giving much time to mere abstraction; but we regard honor and fair dealing as realities, and cannot approve that sort of opposition which seeks to defeat a doubtful policy by a disgraceful system of personal detraction, or respect the man who, under the guise of a concern for the public good, would vent his personal spleen and malignity against one with whom he had differed. All *ex parte* statements to the contrary notwithstanding, we will venture to say that Consul Hodge will bear the test of examination much worse than even Consul Owen, and that the conduct of Capt. Long and of Kosuth, while it may show temporary mistakes and misunderstandings, will not show anything inconsistent with the character of the former as a frank and generous sailor, or of the latter as a shrewd and able man—impulsive it may be, but far too wise to compromise himself by any *fauve pas* of which a man of Mr. Hodge's calibre could take advantage.

Letter from Europe.

The steamship *Humboldt* arrived at Halifax on Sunday, the 1st inst., from Havre, which port she left on the 14th ult. She met with severe gales, and damaged her rudder, which forced her to put into Halifax for repairs. She brings four days later to port than those brought by the American.

The Queen in person was to have opened the British Parliament on the 3d inst. This is simply a matter of form, as Parliament is always prorogued, and no business done until after the Easter holidays. The Russell ministry will not resign, but the Times says that it cannot stand after the meeting of Parliament. The Prometheus affair is considered as settled, England agreeing to make the *amende honorable*.

France, everything is tranquil, there being perfect reign of terror. Louis Napoleon has dissolved the National Guard. It is still expected that he will declare himself Emperor, although it is felt that such a step is not needed to add to the despotic power he at present exercises. The French funds have fallen considerably.

The news from British India is favorable in a commercial way.

Intercourse vs. Intervention.

President Fillmore is certainly one of the most cautious men in the world—one who would be "content to dwell in obscurity forever," without once risking to the warmth of emotion, or yielding to the generosity of impulse. It would seem, however, that timidity is as likely to be misled by its air-drawn daggers, as recklessness by its sanguine hopes; and the former, if less dangerous, is certainly the more contemptible delusion of the two. With the President's chilling reserve towards M. Kosuth, the public is already acquainted; but although his conduct in that case may have contrasted unfavorably with the position assumed by an incomparably abler and wiser man of his own party—Mr. Webster, still it involved no positive blunder, and even gained for him the reputation of superior prudence from those "conservatives" with whom the total absence of feeling is regarded as an infallible indication of intellect. This policy may be carried rather too far, however, and render the person pursuing it not a Little ridiculous, as will be seen by the following instance:

Certain committees, armed with memorials multitudinously signed, waited upon the President last week, to request his *intercession* with the British government on behalf of Smith O'Brien and other "Irish patriots." The President declined all interference in the matter, alleging his adherence to the doctrine of non-intervention. No two things could be more dissimilar in character. The President was not asked to intervene in any form or shape. He was not asked to assert or demand anything, or in any way to remonstrate in the matter. The request was simply that he should ask Her Britannic Majesty, as a favor to the United States, to pardon Smith O'Brien and his associates.

No right to interfere was to be claimed, but the party of these men were to be asked as a favor to many of our citizens who are relatives and friends of the exiles. As to whether this is the proper time for such intercession—or whether it is to be made at any time we do not pretend now to say, but the President's confounding it with intervention shows that the latter must haunt him like an "old man of the mountain." In his extremely timid cautiousness he has actually made a ridiculous blunder, by confounding things which have no sort of relation to each other.

The freezing up of the Potomac is attributed to the frigid moral atmosphere of the executive mansion, which has even chilled out the perceptions of its occupants.

As for the exiles, we have no doubt but that they could get liberated from their colonial prison-house, if they would only offer up humble supplications, and promise to be "good boys" in future. They, or the great majority of them, were unreflecting and incautious in their attempted outbreak, and made a ridiculous failure, but they at last win our respect by making no whining appeal and uttering no craven cry. If they were liberated by the British Government it will be without petition or pledge coming from them. Great Britain might safely liberate them now. "Dead men tell no tales" and—fight no battles. Ireland is dead, and not all the eloquence of Mitchell or O'Brien could galvanize her to even one throb of convulsive life. Her population is disappearing at the rate of half a million a year. Her commerce is dying—her spirit dead, and the remnant of her people will soon rest with it. Well can Great Britain afford to pardon her political offenders. She has nothing to fear from them or their country now.

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### Death of Turner the Ringer.

BY ALTON LOCKE.

A short time since we had occasion to record the death of Turner, the celebrated English landscape painter, who died a week more than a million of dollars, leaving a widow and three children.

We find the following account of him in a late London paper:

"Some ten days ago, a man who had evidently ex-  
ceeded his thirtieth years and ten, and who had resided during many of them in a squallid lodging in

a squallid part of what at best is squallid Chelsea, a squallid, sordidly ill. His name, as far as we know, was that of the house that housed him, best, but men must work, and women must sleep, though storms be sudden and waters deep, And the harbor bar is moaning."

Three wretches sat up in the light-house tower, And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down; And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower, was that of the house that housed him, best, but men must work, and women must sleep, though storms be sudden and waters deep, And the harbor bar is moaning."

Three corpses lay out on the shining sand, In the evening gleam as the sun went down;

And the women are watching and wringing their hands For men must work, and women must sleep, And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep, And good-bye to the bar and its moaning."

### Epigram.

Sweet Kate was hard one day to sigh—

"With beauty lost I'd wish to die,"

"Oh, no," said Kate, "with human quaint,

"Not wish to die, but merely pant."

**THE MORNING AND EVENING OF LIFE.**—The following is an inscription on a tomb-stone in Massachusetts. It is beautiful:

"I came in the morning—it was spring,

And I smiled;

I walked out at noon—I was summer,

And I was glad;

I sat down at even—it was autumn,

And I was sad;

I laid me down at night—it was winter,

And I slept."

Cought in another man's shirt.

That was a rather singular "fix" for a young gentleman to get himself into, at a certain small town in the West "once upon a time." He happened to arrive at the pleasant village of S——, one autumn evening, and put up at its only inn; and as he entered, he heard music and dancing in an upper chamber. The landlord, who was an old acquaintance, informed him that a ball was going on in the hall above, and he asked him to go up with him to be introduced to, and join the revelers. This he declined, on the ground that he was not properly dressed for the occasion, and especially that his linen was too much soiled.

"Never mind that," said the big burly landlord, "I can give you a shirt;" and he stepped into the next room and brought forth a garment that would have been a large pattern for Daniel Lambert, and holding

it up said—

"There, now, is a comfortable, roomy shirt for you."

"Oh that would never do," said the guest; "I should lose myself in it utterly."

On second thoughts, the landlord could "do better,"

for all the girls were ironing some shirts in the kitchen for one of the boarders, and he would "get him one that would fit, any how."

So he disappeared and presently came in with a nice clean "sack" into which his guest soon thrust himself, and having made a hasty toilet, ascended to the ball room. Being a young man from a much larger place, and rather good looking withal, he found no difficulty in obtaining "partners," and these happened to be a judicious selection from the most beautiful girls in the room—The other beau at length began to regard him with little jealousy, and one of them went so far as to say that "he'd cut the comb of the conceited cock, if he didn't mind his eye!" And all this while the subject of his beligerent remarks was regarding himself with the utmost complacency, being the "observed of all observers."

Meanwhile, there was the "toot! toot! toot!" of a stage-horn sounding in the distance; presently the coach lumbered up to the inn; the driver threw out the mail and the lines to an attendant ostler, and hastened into the bar-room, having no farther care nor labor upon his hands until next day. He was also invited by the landlord to "go up stairs and join the ladies," and his companion who had come with him with the others were when a stage-driver was amongst the most popular men in every little community; for he had travelled and seen the world. The driver retired to change his clothes, and nothing further was seen or heard of him until he entered the ball-room, his face flushed, and his voice somewhat husky with passion, and strode into the middle of the hall. The music stopped, and the driver broke the ensuing silence with the question,

"Is Mr. Samuel Jenkins, of S——, here?"

"I am Mr. Samuel Jenkins," said our popular guest, stepping forward, doubtless fancying that some new attention was to be bestowed upon him.

"Oh, you are Mr. Jenkins be you?"

"Yes; and what may your business be with me?"

"Nothin', only when you get through with that shirt of mine that you've got on your back and ar' struttin' in, I'd just thank you to leave it at the bar!"

Etching lets me see.—By the author of Penclings by the Way.

Also, by the same author, "Individuals I Never Heard Of"—being a sequel to People I Have Met.

"Hear Haw!"—By the author of Omoo.

"Cats upon the House-top and Other Poems"—By the author of Voices of the Night.

"Solomon Fist, or The Man of Wax."—By the author of Isaac Chubb, the Man of Wax.

"The Capt. Cabman"—By the author of Deer Slaver.

"The Cabbage and the Entire Alphabet"—By the author of The Lilly and the Bee.

### A Good One.

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, relates the following story:

The freshest story of the season runs thus: Last night, as the passengers from the cars were rushing into one of our principal hotels, a man, attired as a traveler, announced himself as a newly-elected Member of Congress from one of the far-off States. He was soon surrounded by the friends of a certain candidate for the chairmanship, who "had voted solicited" T. W. & BOYKIN, now dissolved by mutual consent; and T. W. BOYKIN is hereby released from all debts or demands of any description whatever, transacted by him with the firm of BOYKIN & MORISEY.

Feb. 6, 1852—22-31.

WM. L. MOORE, Richard B. MORSEY.

Valuable Land for Sale.

THE Subscriber offers for sale a most desirable tract of Timber and Turpentine Land, containing about 800 acres, and lying on the waters of Hammocks Creek in Marion County, South Carolina.

These lands have been fully equal to any in the State, the trees having been boxed and run only for the last two years, and a great portion of the pines being of the largest size, suitable for making ton timber.

They were when a stage-driver was amongst the most popular men in every little community; for he had travelled and seen the world. The driver retired to change his clothes, and nothing further was seen or heard of him until he entered the ball-room, his face flushed, and his voice somewhat husky with passion, and strode into the middle of the hall. The music stopped, and the driver broke the ensuing silence with the question,

"Is Mr. Samuel Jenkins, of S——, here?"

"I am Mr. Samuel Jenkins," said our popular guest, stepping forward, doubtless fancying that some new attention was to be bestowed upon him.

"Oh, you are Mr. Jenkins be you?"

"Yes; and what may your business be with me?"

"Nothin', only when you get through with that shirt of mine that you've got on your back and ar' struttin' in, I'd just thank you to leave it at the bar!"

A Yankee Pass.

The following good story is related by a correspondent of an old paper of 1799.

Not long since a gentleman from Connecticut, being on his way to the Westward, was stopped in New York State, on Sunday, by a mischievous Dutchman, who was invested with civil authority. Mr. B. in vain plead the necessity of pursuing his journey unmolested.

At length, taking a five dollar bill from his pocket-book, he said:

"Sir, this is at your service, on condition that you will give me a pass."

After a few minutes' pause, the mercenary character replied:

"I will give you my pass for five dollars; you may write me pass, and I will make my mark X."

Mr. B. accordingly sat down and wrote an order on a bill of exchange, and took his leave with the Dutchman, who cheerfully loaned him fifty dollars with the idea of fifty per cent. gain on the goods. Soon after, the merchant called on our noble Dutchman for the balance of the order, at which he started and exclaimed:

"By gosh, I owe you nothing, iz give no order;"

After seeing his mark, he exclaimed:

"D—d is dat yankee pass."

He found himself reluctantly obliged to cancel the demand, swearing "dat if he could see dat tam rascal, he would give him one horse lickin'."—Courier of N. H., 1799.

### Punctuality.

Hi! that's the word—punctuality! did you ever see

a man who was punctual, who did not prosper in the long run? We don't care who or what he was—high or low, black or white, ignorant or learned, savage or civilized—we know if he did as he agreed, and was successful.

Men who commence business, should be careful how they neglect their obligations, and break their word.

A person who is prompt can always be accommodated,

and is therefore likely to meet another success.

Franklin, T. J. Jones.

T. J. Jones.

John T. Jones.

# THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

WILMINGTON, N. C., MONDAY, FEB. 2, 1852.

Authorized Agents for the Journal.

JAMES M. REDMOND, Tarboro'. Edgecombe County, N. C.  
JESSE H. JOHNSON, Clinton, Sampson county.  
JOSEPH R. KEMP, Bladen county.  
DR. SHERWOOD, Strickland's Depot, Duplin county.  
B. BARNES, Black Creek, Wayne county.  
LEWIS JONES, Pine Hill P. O., Lenoir county.

A L A Z Y Article.

All of us hurry too fast through this world—it is just about as well to take it easy, since the sum total is the same in the end. All must die, and the great majority get buried. We were struck more forcibly by this in glancing over a letter of Bayard Taylor's written to the New York Tribune from Egypt. A voyage up the Nile between palms and Acacias under the balmy sky and hazy atmosphere of the Delta; the monotonous song of the Egyptian sailors, the absence of excitement, the quietude of nature, with just sufficient novelty to prevent ennui, and too little of boldness to startle the mind, or awake it abruptly from its pleasing somnolence, all these form a scene, for the realization of which many of us have sighed when worn down by the struggles of a busy world or sick of the constant rivalries and competitions which make up the life of the Ishmaelite of civilization, where every man's hand is figuratively if not actually against his neighbor.

To the American or Western European the eminence life of the Turk might seem little less than a vacuity; but it may fairly be questioned whether the constant change turmoi and uncertainty of a super-refined civilization is at all preferable in its effects upon human happiness. "God is great," says the devout Moslem, and with this pleasing consolation he submits his neck to the bowstring in a quiet and gentlemanly manner without making any indifference. No presidential elections disturb his tranquillity; the rise or fall of stocks trouble him not, and he is seldom hem-pecked. As for his multifarious domestic establishment, that is a matter of fashion and opinion. He owns most of his wives, and therefore it is matter of private concern with which the rest of mankind have nothing to do.

Some English literary character, we forget the name, placed his *summum bonum* in lounging on a sofa and reading novels. As this is about the nearest to doing nothing without actually being so, it is perhaps as easy a let-down to a tired or sick man as may be. We tried it yesterday afternoon and can recommend it. Mayne Reid's novel of the Scalp Hunters was read clean through, raw-heads, bloody bones and all, without any stopping to reflect upon the moral or any hurrying on to get at the plot.—The "big Indian" and the trapper with no ears, and the pretty girls and the devoted lovers and all that sort of thing came and went as easy as lying, until finally we dropped asleep and dreamed that we too were "big Indian," and were mounted on black horse with a switch tail and a bad temper, which said ugly brute contrived to throw us over his head and we found ourselves—lying on the flat of our back on the floor where we had fallen, the tumble having waked us up with a bad cold and not feeling "big Indian" a bit.

It is now pretty well agreed that the Whig National Convention will be held after that of the Democrats, and they will thus have a chance of gaining any advantage which may be hoped for from the mere choice of men; and as our Gubernatorial candidate is already known, the Democratic party can have nothing to do with mere personal considerations in their subsequent action. This is as it should be. Let our nomination for the Presidency be made upon broad national grounds and principles, and we must succeed. We cannot help it. The Whigs may see our hand just as long as they please, if that will help them. The people must do so, or it would be no triumph, and a triumph we are bound to have.

BRIEF.

Regular as the time comes round the Newbernian, or somebody in that paper, nominates Hon. William H. Washington as the Whig candidate for Governor, and he as regularly declines. There is nothing strange and certainly nothing wrong in the master, but its stated and inevitable occurrence have become somewhat amusing. It has got to be looked upon as "inevitable." Mr. Washington we presume would run as well as almost any other Whig.

HUMOR.—The National Union Convention, to be held sometime in June next, in the City of Washington.

MANCHESTER RAILROAD.—No business was transacted at the annual meeting of the stockholders on Wednesday last, on account of a majority of the stock not being represented.

"The Live Giraffe."

Is the somewhat eccentric name of a new paper just started at Raleigh, N. C., and of which the first number is before us; W. Whitaker, Editor and Proprietor. The *Giraffe* is to be devoted, we presume, to fun, frolic, and things in general. We wish the publisher success in his bold undertaking. A professedly funny paper is the most difficult of any to sustain; and if Mr. Whitaker succeeds in establishing his upon a permanent basis, he will have achieved a triumph. Terms \$2 per year.

Congress.

The chief topic in the Senate has been a resolution authorizing the President to open a correspondence with the British Government to effect the release of Smith O'Brien and the other exiled Irish patriots; this will most probably pass. The Irish vote is very strong. Foote's foolish resolution declaring the compromise acts to be a definitive settlement of the Slavery question also helps to distract the Senatorial body. It will soon be got rid of in some way.

In the House the bill making an appropriation for the payment of the last instalment of the Mexican Indemnity has been passed. All amendments regulating the mode of payment having been negatived.

The matter of the Census printing is still before the House. The "lowest bidder" system has turned out so badly, and the public printing done in that way has been so miserably executed, that it seems to be generally conceded, that some other plan should be adopted in this case. It is proposed to give the job to the "Union" establishment, and as that paper is the organ of one of the political parties, the vote and discussion on the resolution to that effect has become perfectly partisan. We presume the Union will get it though.

The Kossuth excitement in Congress has pretty much died away for the present.

Kidnappers arrested in Weldon, N. C.

On the 27th inst., two men, bearing the names of Banks and Beach, left Portsmouth, Va., and arrived at Weldon, where they remained until the succeeding afternoon, when a telegraphic dispatch was received there, stating that said men had kidnapped two small negro girls from Portsmouth, and requested their arrest. The girls were found in their possession, and the Sheriff of Halifax county being present, arrested them, and committed the whole party to the jail of said county.

We are sorry to learn that the steam saw mill of Edward Lewis, Esq., at Lumberton, was destroyed by fire a few days ago. The loss is probably \$5000 to \$6000. It is supposed to have been fired by an incendiary.—*Fayetteville Observer.*

Correspondence between Mr. Webster and Mr. Hayes.

We lay before our readers the following official letters, being part of a somewhat voluminous correspondence between the State Department and the American Minister in Paris, in relation to recent political events in France, which was communicated to the Senate by a special message from the President on Wednesday last:

Mr. Atwood to Mr. Webster.

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,  
Paris, December 18, 1851.

I am, sir, respectfully, your obedient servant,

Governor Morris, of the French Republic, 1793; and if the French people have not yet entirely recovered from another change, we have no shadow but to acknowledge that also; so that the diplomatic representative of your country in France, will act as your government has acted, and conform to what appears to be settled national authority. And while we deeply regret the overthrow of popular institutions, yet our ancient ally has still our good wishes for her prosperity and happiness, and we are bound to leave her to the choice of means for the promotion of those ends.

From the London Times, Josephine, submitted.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

From the Edinburgh Review.

From the New York Journal of Commerce of Tuesday evening.

The severe weather of the last few days has filled our rivers and harbors with ice, to such an extent as greatly to impede navigation, and at some stages of the tide to interrupt even steam communication.—Early this morning, hundreds of people crossed the East river, between this city and Brooklyn, on the ice. When the tide turned, the ice gradually gave way, and several persons, including two women, were floated down the stream upon it, until taken off by small boats. Their situation as the ice parted, was frightful in the extreme.

Others were carried down the river to the Bay—Three of these were rescued from their perilous situation by Chas. Thomas, custom house boatman, and Jas. Murphy, one of our news boatmen, who ventured to their assistance in a small boat, at the risk of their lives. Several others (boys) were rescued by the Whitehall boatmen. We understand that some were injured, but can ascertain no particulars. During the sieges, the steam ferry boats were of course unable to run.

The Commercial Advertiser says:

At the Fulton ferry, there was a complete ice bridge, upon which thousands crossed without far-ther inconvenience than a cold walk. This was commenced at about day-light, a few making the experiment first, and the numbers gradually augmenting until there was a continuous column extending from shore to shore.

As seen from an elevated position, the river presented an animated and beautiful spectacle. As far as the sight could extend, the water was entirely hid from view by its icy covering, sparkling and shining in the rays of the morning sun. In all directions were little knots of the adventurous few, struggling along, and picking their way, the exception being at the Fulton ferry, where an animated line extended from one shore to the other, including ladies not a few. It was estimated that fifteen thousand persons crossed there during the morning.

The breaking up of the ice in the middle of the river was rather suddenly. We saw one large field float off, with three or four persons on it, but they were all taken off by a boat from Governor's Island.

We conversed with a gentleman this morning, who had lived in Brooklyn nearly fifty years. So far as his memory serves him, there has been much difficulty heretofore in the navigation of the East River. Large cakes of ice have been frequently wedged between the shores, so that there were crossing on foot, but this was for a short time only. Three hours has generally been the extent of the detention, but he has never known the river to be entirely frozen across, as at present.

There were rumors that some lives were lost, but this was not positively ascertained.

The Model Statesman.

A powerful writer for one of our Sunday journals thus depicts the qualities and elements of statesmanship necessary to meet the demands of the progressive spirit of the times in which we live. Try our public men by the standard he has himself set.

He names some twenty gentlemen—several persons who have belonged to the cabinets of the President, as well as the members of the present, and a few names belonging to the judicial magistracy.

A former decree promulgated the composition of the commission, not so numerous, but yet comprising the names of several distinguished persons who refused to serve upon it, some of whom notified their refusal in terms of lofty independence and proud disdain.

In my last despatch I mentioned to you that the late extraordinary events here, I had abstained from appearing at the usual weekly receptions of the President, while the rest of the diplomatic corps, with the exception at that time of the representative of Switzerland, had pursued a different course.—Since the date of that despatch the representative of Switzerland, under instructions from his government, has followed the example of the rest of the diplomatic corps, and I am now the only foreign diplomatic agent of any grade who has not attended the President's receptions since the revolutionary *coup d'état* by which he became the constitution was overthrown.

In the publishing of this news I have taken counsel not merely of the feelings and sentiments of our friends to the bosom of an American citizen under such circumstances, but also of those of higher considerations of principle and duty which should control the conduct of a public agent. Representing, as the U. States do before the world, the great cause of free, popular, and republican institutions, it seemed to me that it was in some measure to betray that cause if a person intrusted to act or speak in their name should go forward with an appearance of indecent haste to violence on the ruins of a written republican constitution, however defective it may be. On the other hand, the President having appealed to the nation to ratify his illegal acts, and pledged himself, in the event of an unfavorable decision, to surrender at once the position he now holds by no tenure but that of force, he can have no just cause of complaint if the representative of a foreign power thinks proper to await the decision of the most righteous tribunal in questions of civil or political administration, whose judgment has been formally invoked.

These are the principles which, in the absence of instructions from my government, I have assumed as the proper guides of my conduct in a novel and delicate situation, rendered the more responsible by the opposite course taken by all the rest of the diplomatic corps. I trust they may meet the approbation of those to whom alone I am accountable.

I have the honor to be, with great respect, your most obedient servant,

W. C. RIVES.

Mr. Webster to Mr. Rives.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,  
Washington, January 12, 1852.

SIR: Your despatch has been fully received upon the 24th of last month. The movement made by the President of the republic of France on the 2d ultimo created surprise here as well as with you, not only by the boldness and extent of its purposes, but also by the severity with which he has carried it into effect for the maintenance of his execution and the success which appeared to have attended it.

It was quite natural that you should be in no haste to appear at the public receptions of the President, after the overthrow of the written republican constitution of France. You sympathized, in this respect, with the great body of your countrymen. If that overthrow had become necessary, its necessity is deeply to be deplored, because, however imperfect its structure, it was the only great republican government existing in Europe, and all Americans wished its success. We feel as if the catastrophe which has befallen it may weaken the faith of mankind in the permanency and solidity of popular institutions.—Nevertheless, although our own government is now the only republic ranking among nations of the first class, we are still to its principles with increased affection. Long experience has convinced us of the practicability to do good, and its power to maintain liberty and order. We know that it has conferred the greatest blessings on the country, and raised her to eminence and distinction among the nations; and if we were destined to stand the only great republican nation, we shall still stand.

Before this reaches you the election will be over; and if, as is probable, a decided majority of the people should be found to support the President, the course of duty for you will become plain. From President Washington's time down to the present day, it has been a principle always acknowledged by the United States, that every nation possesses a right to govern itself according to its own will, to change its institutions at discretion, and to transact its business through whatever agents it may think proper to employ. This cardinal point in our policy has been strongly illustrated by recognizing the many forms of political power which have been successively adopted in France in the series of revolutions with which that country has been visited. Throughout all these changes the government of the United States has conducted itself in strict conformity to the original principles adopted by Washington, and made known to our diplomatic agents abroad, and to the nations of the world, by Mr. Jefferson's letter to

Governor Marie, of the French Republic, 1793; and if the French people have not yet entirely recovered from another change, we have no shadow but to acknowledge that also; so that the diplomatic representative of your country in France, will act as your government has acted, and conform to what appears to be settled national authority. And while we deeply regret the overthrow of popular institutions, yet our ancient ally has still our good wishes for her prosperity and happiness, and we are bound to leave her to the choice of means for the promotion of those ends.

From the London Times, Josephine, submitted.

From the Edinburgh Review.

From the New York Journal of Commerce of Tuesday evening.

The Ice in the North River—Falling Scene.

The New York Journal of Commerce of Tuesday evening.

The little stranger who had lost His way, of danger nothing knew, Safe in his nest, the birds were singing.

Then snorted o'er the waters blue,

Far out at sea.

Above, there gleamed the boundless sky;

Beneath the boundless ocean sheet;

Between them danced the butterfly;

The spirit life in this vast scene,

Far out at sea.

Anny she sped with shimmering glee!

Day by day, now seen—not gone;

Night comes, with wind and rain, and he

No more will dance before the morn,

Far out at sea.

He dies like his mate I've seen,

Perhaps not sooner, nor worse crossed;

And he hath, all known and seen

A large life and hope—though lost,

Far out at sea.

A LIVE YANKEE "SNORED" OUT.

BY THE YOUNG UN.

Reader—do you snore in your sleep?

You don't? Well, I suppose not! I never yet met the individual who would acknowledge the con-

Shall I tell you a little adventure I was once witness to with a "snorer"?

The varieties of the genus "Snorer" is very exten-

ded. There is a quiet, sighing, unobtrusive snorer, who always has a "good time" at it, and trouble's nobody.

There is your wheezing, chuckling, squeaking snorer,

who makes a regular business of it, but who keeps it "all in the family," and parades, annoys only

the partner of his joys and sorrows. There is also your nasal grumbler, (who sleeps in the next room!) who mumbles and grunts, and gets over it.

If there be under Heaven any object of pity—one that should excite the sympathy of the benevolent disposed—more than another, command me to your out-and-out snorer!

To appreciate his follies fully, you should be fatigued and restless yourself—after three days journey over a thumping bad road, and you shall run athwart him, where the steamboat line connects at a late hour in the night. You shall retire to one of the few cabins left—which you find stretched in the centre of the cabin for the accommodation of the last comers—and after the jolting you have passed through for the previous twenty-four or forty-eight hours, as the case may be, you shall regale yourself imaginatively (during the process of undressing) with the prospective enjoyment of your nasal snorer's health and happiness for insuring this; and if the last wish of a dying man commands any respect, I entreat that no inquiries may be made concerning him.

The following paragraph appears in the French pa-

pers:—On a well dressed body, discovered this morn-

ing, hanging from a tree on the road from Versailles to Seaux, the following letter was found—"Those who shall discover my body swinging itself at the impulse of the winds, as did those formerly suspended to the gibbet at Montfaucon, will, no doubt, feel terribly pained or moved with pity. Behold, they will exult with pleasure in the deathbed of a friend or relative, or in the deathbed of a criminal, or of a murderer. They will be mistaken. I have always been perfectly happy. I feel that old age will bring me comfort, and it is to avoid the greatest pain, the most terrible annoyance, that I have determined to put an end to my life. This may appear absurd, but I am of opinion that when one has lived comfortable for more than sixty years, one ought to have had enough of life. I am alone in the world. I was not an inhabitant of Paris; I therefore think it will be impossible to know who I am. Besides, I have taken every precaution for insuring this; and if the last wish of a dying man may be made on the subject, I entreat that no inquiries may be made concerning him.

The breaking up of the ice in the middle of the river was rather suddenly. We saw one large field float off, with three or four persons on it, but they were all taken off by a boat from Governor's Island.

We conversed with a gentleman this morning, who had lived in Brooklyn nearly fifty years.

He was like a Yankee—and occupied consider-